

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

ALL THY GETTING GET UNDERSTANDING. Solomon.

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THE LITTLE PAINTER.

OUR little friend in the picture aspires to be a painter. | in we can improve; but but when others praise our work beyond what it merits, we see no reason for further perseverance.

He is the owner of a little box of water-color paints and a pencil, which he is very proud of. With his colors and a bowl of water before him, into which he occasionally dips his brush, he is working away at his picture as intently as any "old master." His little sister, who has been playing with her doll, has stopped to watch and admire his efforts, and no doubt she will encourage him by praising his picture after he gets through.

He must not be satisfied, at painting well enough to please his little sister, for she is not much of a judge of art. And he must not get conceited because she praises his work, and cease to try to do better. Undue praise sometimes has a worse effect upon a person than severe criticism. By the criticism of others we learn of the defects in our work and see where-



It is likely that this boy has a talent for drawing and painting; if so, he should, by all means, cultivate it. It will be much easier for him to learn, and he will be more likely to excel than if he had no natural taste for such work. But he and all other boys may set it down as a rule, that excellence in any branch of art never comes without patient and persevering study and toil. However gifted one may be, he must practice before he can become a polished, finished workman. A person seldom excels as an artist, or even as a mechanic, who is not thoroughly in love with his work. Unless his love for and pride in his work amount almost to a passion, continually urging him to action, he is not likely to rise much above his fellows by his supe-

rior ability. He may be naturally more apt at learning than most persons are, but this quality, in the long run, is not of so much consequence as persistent industry and methodical habits. It happens very frequently that the person who learns easily forgets readily, while the one who has to labor hard for all he acquires retains it the longer. There is virtue in the effort. The precocious child learns so easily that he sees no necessity for exerting himself, and the habits of careless indifference which he forms prove a barrier to further progress. If he exerted himself as hard as his fellows, he would, doubtless, advance much faster than they could; but if he have no other incentive than the mere desire to keep pace with them, he is likely to find, in time, that they have outstripped him. This truth is illustrated in the fable of the hare and the tortoise. The hare, conscious of his ability to go as far in a few moments as the tortoise could in a day, lay down for a quiet nap after engaging in a race with his slow-moving friend. But the sequel proved that he counted too much on his own superiority, for the tortoise by persistent traveling, while his rival slept and idled away his time, went so far that the hare failed to overtake him.

We would like to impress upon our readers, young and old, that we owe it as a duty to our Creator to make the best possible use of the talents with which we are endowed. "Where much is given much is required." If we are blessed with gifts that others do not possess, it is our duty to put them to use, to keep them in practice, to exert them for the benefit of mankind. If we do this, our talents will increase. If we fail to do it, we are sure, in time, to lose our gifts, and we will be no better or smarter than if we had never possessed them. This truth is expressed in the saying of the Savior: "Unto you that hear shall more be given. For he that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 36).

ELDER P. P. PRATT, who was laboring in the ministry in the Eastern States, wrote to his brethren of the Twelve at Nauvoo, that the public were entirely indifferent to his preaching. In New York they would neither come to meeting, hear, nor read the truth; and it seemed to him that his labors in the ministry were done in that city and nearly so in the nation. He added: "My garments are clear if the people perish."

President Wilford Woodruff published at Liverpool three thousand copies of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. By immediately securing the copyright of the same, he defeated a secret scheme of the enemies of the Church, who were taking measures to print the book and secure the copyright.

President Young received a respectful answer from Governor Thomas S. Drew in reply to the communication to him as Governor of Arkansas, alleging his inability to protect us in the State of Arkansas, and suggesting the propriety of the "Mormons" settling Oregon, California, Nebraska, or some other country where we would be out of the reach of our persecutors. He was the only governor in the United States who deigned to reply to the appeal of the committee in behalf of the Church.

Governor Drew referred the Saints to the patriarchal proposition of Abraham to Lot, about separating and choos-

ing the portion of the land which suited him, and concluded with the following paragraph: "Should the Latter-day Saints emigrate to Oregon, they will carry with them the good will of philanthropists and the blessings of every friend of humanity. If they are wrong, their wrongs will be abated with many degrees of allowance; and if right, migration will afford an opportunity to make it manifest in due season to the whole civilized world."

The Twelve Apostles wrote to President Woodruff at Liverpool as follows: "It is a part of our religion to support any government, wherever we may be, that will protect us in common with other citizens; for, to this end governments are instituted; and as England has ever been true and faithful to us, as a people, in common with others, the Elders cannot be too particular to enjoin on all the Saints to yield obedience to the laws, and respect every man in his office, letting politics wholly, entirely and absolutely alone, and preach the principles of the gospel of salvation; for to this end were they ordained and sent forth. We are for peace; we want no contention with any person or government."

On the 27th of June, the brethren of the Twelve met in fasting and prayer. The Saints in England observed the day in the same manner: it was the anniversary of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith.

Father John Smith and Brother George A. Smith called upon William Smith and reasoned with him as to the falsity of the position he had lately assumed, in declaring himself the president of the Church.

The Smith family attended a public dinner at the Mansion, which was given by the Bishops in behalf of the Church. Seven widows and about fifty of the family were present. Mother Smith spoke to her kindred and others present in a feeling manner.

Mr. M. B. Hobart, a traveler, who had visited the leading States in the Union, and who, previous to visiting Nauvoo, had heard diverse evil reports as to its inhabitants, wrote a statement to the public, in which he declared that he had not seen any man intoxicated, neither found any persons or families at variance. He reported that there were two justices of the peace, but having no litigation to attend to, they had to work for their livelihood. Although not a "Mormon" nor ever expected to be, he said he was treated better than he had been in any other town in the Union. He gave an account of the city, its lovely sight, and the manufacturing capabilities of its inhabitants.

After the massacre of the Prophet and Patriarch, many strong-headed Elders sought to lead parties away from Nauvoo. These Elders had heard the Prophet Joseph talk about going into the wilderness and the settlement of distant parts of the country, and without waiting to be sent, they undertook the task. Prominent among these was Elder James Emmet, who led away a few families into the western country, independent of, and contrary to, the counsel of President Young and his brethren. The company suffered great hardships. The Apostles sent one of their quorum to warn Brother Emmet against leading the sheep into bye and forbidden paths. Emmet and his company in their emergency, felt it was best to listen to counsel, and to wait till the servants of God, who were appointed to lead, directed their course. He returned to Nauvoo, confessed his faults and sought the forgiveness of his brethren.

Thus we find that even the Elders, who hold the Priesthood, cannot carry out the purposes of God without being subject to the counsel of their brethren and acting in concert with

them. If the evil one cannot get the Saints to break the commandments of God and disobey His laws, he will oftentimes urge them to go ahead of their leaders, and thereby produce confusion in the Church. This is one of the evils which the Saints should be on their guard against, for the enemy of righteousness in this direction is more plausible and more likely to be listened to, than when he prompts people to break a commandment, which all know to be wrong.

During the summer, President Young and his brethren, the Apostles, heard the history of Joseph read. On the 15th of August, the title page of the history was prepared, that Sheriff Backenstos might take it to Springfield and obtain the copyright in the name of Brigham Young, which he did. The title page is inserted here: "History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints also the law of the Lord, and biography of Joseph Smith the founder, first Apostle and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

The following appeared in the *New York Sun*: The building of the Mormon temple under all the troubles by which these people have been surrounded, seems to be carried on with a religious enthusiasm which reminds us of olden times, by the energy which controls all the movements towards its completion. It occupies the highest and most imposing position in Nauvoo, and is built of fine limestone, has thirty pilasters—six at each end and nine at each side—each surmounted by a capital, on which is carved a human face with rays around it and two hands holding trumpets. The temple is one hundred and twenty-eight feet by eighty-eight; from floor to roof is sixty-five feet; and from the ground to the top of the spire is one hundred and sixty-five feet. The baptismal font is in the basement, to be supported by stone oxen. Three hundred and fifty men are zealously at work upon the building, which is supposed will be finished in a year and a half, probably at a cost of half a million of dollars.

"The spiritual concerns of the Mormons are governed by a council of twelve, composed of the following persons: Brigham Young—The Lion of the Lord. H. C. Kimball—The Herald of Grace. Parley P. Pratt—The Archer of Paradise. Orson Hyde—The Olive Branch of Israel. Willard Richards—The Keeper of the Rolls. John Jaylor—The Champion of Right. William Smith—The Patriarchal Jacob's Staff. Wilford Woodruff—The Banner of the Gospel. George A. Smith—The Entablature of Truth. Orson Pratt—The Guage of Philosophy. John E. Page—The Sun-dial. Lyman Wight—The Wild Ram of the Mountains. The only property owned in common is the temple. The Mormons are industrious, good farmers, raise wheat plentifully, and are about to engage in manufactures. The whole community may be considered in their peculiar tenets singular and remarkable, and in after ages their temple, like the ruins of Palenque, may strike the beholder with wonder, and history may be unable to explain what race worshiped there."

President Young dreamed he saw Brother Joseph Smith, who told him not to be in a hurry: this admonition was given thrice.

On the 18th of August, the workmen commenced laying the brick on the rock foundation wall of the Nauvoo House, and on the 23rd, the dome of the temple was raised.

President Young met with his brethren in council, when it was decided that three thousand able-bodied men should be selected to prepare themselves to start in the spring to Upper California, taking their families with them.

(To be Continued.)

AN EXPLORATION TRIP.

BY B. F. S.

LEAVING Manti, we journeyed south to the Sevier River and up the valley, past where Salina, Richfield and Monroe have since been built. The weather was very cold, thermometer, at night at Zero, with considerable snow on the ground. We found a spur of the mountain running down to the river, but we discovered a pass over it and entered a very nice little valley on the river. It being a pleasant evening and there being plenty of wood for camp-fires, we sang songs and indulged in other amusements. Brother Pratt, therefore, called the place *Merry Vale*—not Mary's Vale as it is now called. (I wish the people would call it by its right name.)

We had been informed, by the Indians, and also by Barney Ward, the mountaineer, that there was a canyon on the Sevier that they did not believe we could pass with our wagons; if we did we would have to follow the Spanish trail.

When we were nearing this canyon, we had some horsemen on ahead to explore, and by the time the teams got to the mouth of the canyon they had ascertained that we could not go up the canyon nor follow the Spanish trail either. We camped for the night, with a prospect that we would have to return nearly a hundred miles and take another route.

I had been one of the explorers, that day, and my mind had been much exercised about getting through. That night I dreamed of seeing a pass by which we could yet make our way into Little Salt Lake Valley, as that was the course we wanted to take. When we awoke in the morning, I was relating my dream to Brother George Nebeker, David Fullmer and Wm. Brown, as we slept in the same wagon, and stated that Brother John Brown (the present Bishop of Pleasant Grove) and Brother R. Campbell were with me in my dream. Just then Brother John Brown came to our wagon and called me, stating that I was wanted to go and help find a pass through the mountain. The brethren, with me, immediately said "we believe you will find a way through."

When I got ready and rode outside of the wagon corral, there were the men whom I dreamed were with me. Brother Brown rode up to me and asked, "Brother B—, which way shall we go?"

I pointed and said, "I saw a way through there last night!" "Then" said he, "lead out."

I did so, and soon after we started I told the brethren what I had seen in my dream.

We explored a route for our wagons fourteen miles that day, through snow from one to two feet deep. Looking towards a hill near by, I said "that hill looks like the one that I was on last night. I could see our way from it into Little Salt Lake Valley. We fastened our horses, and climbed the hill, and could see as I told them, down into the valley on the west.

We got back to camp a little after dark and reported that we could get through.

When we started with our teams we encountered a severe snow storm that piled up the snow from three to five feet deep in places, and we were four days in getting through, a distance of some twenty miles.

When we got near the mouth of the canyon that we were traveling down, it seemed as though the ledges of rocks came together, but there was just room for our wagons to pass into the valley. Brother Pratt called it "Summer Gate."

HOW TO BE POPULAR.

BY NEPHI PRATT.

THERE is said to be a faculty or organ of the human mind called, by phrenologists the organ of approbateness, which means that men love to be praised and dislike being blamed in proportion to how large this organ is and how it is affected by others.

That sensitiveness to praise or blame exists, more or less, in all men, is a certainty. We do much in our lives to please others. We love a good character. We dislike being spoken evil of, especially by those whose good opinion is worth having. We are organized with this faculty for a wise purpose. It assists to guide us in our deportment towards others, and helps to make us considerate of their feelings and agreeable in our associations through life. It keeps us from indulging in habits which would gain us the frown instead of the smile of those whose good opinion we value. This love of the approval of others is shown by all classes, ages and conditions of men. The precocious boy says and does smart things to be praised; the mechanic, painter, poet, actor, statesman and philosopher, all seek to excel and become distinguished partly from this feeling.

This desire to become influential among men by gaining their esteem is legitimate and right, and should be diligently practiced by the children of the Saints.

There is an extreme in this, however, as in all other things, to be watchfully guarded against. Never do wrong to gain the approval of the wicked. Better to be despised by all men than to give up one principle that you know to be true.

The Jews went to this extreme when they condemned and crucified the Saviour. They sacrificed every principle of justice and right and committed an act the recital of which makes humanity shudder, to-day, and that sealed their damnation for ages to come, just to pander to the prejudice which existed against Jesus and to be favorably noticed by their chief priests and rabbis who incited them to the deed. It is not always safe, then, to be guided in our actions by what others may think of us, but the rule will generally hold good.

This brings to my mind an anecdote of a young man, about to start in life, who went to an experienced and successful gentleman, whose years had been filled up with usefulness, and whose efforts in life had been attended with great success.

The young man asked him what course he should pursue to become influential and successful like himself. The old man replied: "*Actually become that which you wish people to believe that you are, and you cannot fail of success.*" This is a true saying:—Man to be just what he would like people to believe that he is, must become virtuous, honorable, noble and godlike.

These characteristics all men admire. Even the corrupt and licentious have an inward respect for the man whose practices are pure and blameless; who is fearless in his practice of righteous principles.

To claim a virtue which we do not possess is to be hypocritical. If a man would be considered trusty, truthful and honest, let him never deceive, lie nor steal, and then that respect which others have for him he will also have for himself. A man may be a thief, a liar, or any other kind of knave, and know himself to be such while others may be deceived for a long time as regards his true character, and yet he never can be a

success, for his misdeeds will find him out at last and spoil him just as surely as the practice of virtue would have made him eminent.

Then, young men, if you would become remarkable and stand forth as men of distinction, seek to be genuine and not superficial. In other words *be* just what you wish to *appear*. Add to your good works that genuine living faith that gives you access to God, bringing you always an answer to your prayers, and you will stand when earth and heaven will be shaken, when thrones will be hurled down and nations crumble to decay, and all things be in commotion. Indeed, you can stand, under such circumstances, fearless and undaunted amid the crash of worlds.

Travels in India.

BY WILLIAM FOTHERINGHAM.

(Continued from page 17.)

THE ryots are in the habit of sowing at the same time a numerous variety of seeds on the same piece of ground, which, of course, do not all mature at the same time. When the earliest of the crops are ripe, the reapers go through and cull out the stalks that are matured, and, consequently, trample down much of what is still growing with their feet. This sort of harvesting is repeated as each variety becomes matured, until the whole is gathered.

The Hindoo cart is a very primitive, queer-looking vehicle, the wheels of which are generally made of solid wood, about three feet in diameter, having the appearance of a mill-stone, with a hole in the center for the axle. They are sometimes constructed with spokes that go through the large hubs, one spoke extending from rim to rim. This kind of a wheel is rude, but very substantial. The shafts of the cart are made of two bamboo poles, and the body of a few cross bars of the same material. The front end of the shafts come to a point, and are secured together with a fixed bar that serves as a yoke, to which the oxen are attached.

Sometimes, it was our lot to meet a train of such hackries conveying the baggage of troops from one station to another. The rolling of the wheels on the dry axles would produce a screeching, deafening noise.

Notwithstanding the advanced systems of arts and sciences exhibited to the gaze of the natives, by the anglo-Indians, they would tenaciously cling to and venerate the customs handed down by the fathers. Their ancestors never lubricated the axles of their hackries, and their children are not inclined to deviate from the customs of the fathers. They strongly entrench themselves against all innovations, however much they may be calculated to enhance their interests. The ancient custom of treading out the grain with oxen was the only method in vogue, and a grist-mill was not known in the country. The slow, rude system, as of old, was still practiced, wherein the corn was ground in hand mills, and women were the motive power.

In the interior or country districts, the hackrey is seldom used for the want of roads. The manure is conveyed in baskets to the fields on the backs of women. Many of the articles of commerce from the northern mountain regions, are carried into Bengal on the backs of men, horses and

goats. Herds of large goats, with big pouches, resembling rude saddle-bags, on their backs, are used for carrying bricks from the kilns to the places where they are needed.

The Hindoo loom is as queer and primitive as the cart. To see it erected under a tree, where weaving is generally done, when not operating, it would puzzle an American to really guess what it was. It is a simple contrivance, composed of four posts set in the ground, with two rollers fixed in them. Two slats, or sticks, traverse the warp. One end of the slats is supported by two strings tied to the tree under which the loom is erected; the other end by two other strings which are tied to the weaver's feet, serving as treadles, and by which arrangement he moves the threads of the warp to throw the woof. Notwithstanding the rude, ill-fashioned loom, the finest fabrics were produced. The Hindoos, as a people, are well adapted for weaving. They have a delicate frame, and are gifted with a keen sense of touch, an abundance of patience, which is a necessary quality for a person to possess to weave on their loom, with flexible fingers, which make them excel in the finest operations of the loom. The delicacy and fineness of the textures of India can vie with the fabrics of any other country. In fact, it is the only art which the ancient inhabitants of that country have pushed forward to a degree of perfection.

The music of a people, is a general indication of their refinement and advancement in civilization. The Hindoos have attainments, but in music they are very deficient. They have many rude musical instruments, and the frequency with which they practice upon them, ought to enable them to become distinguished performers; but the writer had many opportunities of hearing Hindoo bands perform, and never heard anything that he could consider music. Music, well rendered and agreeable to a Bengalic ear, must be loud and discordant. A hindoo band of performers reminded me of a number of children on a Christmas morning after emptying their stockings of their Christmas gifts.

(To be Continued.)

H O M E .

BY W. J.

"THE foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests." The holes of the foxes are their homes. The nests of the birds are their homes, also. In them they raise their tiny broods. While they occupy them, those nests are to them the dearest spots on earth, for in them they have brought into being, and nursed into active life, their pretty little fledglings. They are their homes; and where is the animal that does not prefer one place to another as a home.

Mankind have their homes—from the poorest excuse of a wigwam to the proudest, the stateliest, and costliest palace that art and wealth can rear; and each of these should be "home, sweet home."

The Saints of God have their homes. They have reared them in these western wilds. Amid persecution and poverty they have laid log upon log, and erected their homely homes; and they have been happy homes, too, for the sweet peace of heaven has rested down upon them, and they could sing the words of the poet:

"I take an honest pride I own, in this my home of peace,
Which slowly round my life hath grown with gradual increase.

As round her form the bird with care, slow moulds the perfect nest,

With little tufts of moss and hair, and down from her own breast."

The sweat of manly labor's found in every clapboard there,
And my own hands laid out the ground that makes this garden fair.

Content beside my hearthstone sits, where thrift is likewise seen,
And love through every chamber flits, as household fairy-queen;
For the little wife that bids me forth, light-hearted, to my work,
Counts worldly wealth of little worth, if care beneath it lurk;
And, oh! her smile is gentle when I homeward swiftly press,
To light and love and joy again, and childhood's soft caress.

A picture sweet to mind she brings, when by the hearth she stands,

With folds of gown and apron-strings clutched at by chubby hands;

While from her neck the baby spreads its little arms and crows,
And glancing firelight round their heads a saintly halo throws;
Then sweet good-evening kisses cleave fatigue's stern bonds apart,

With mellow light and warmth that leave a pastime of the heart.
Our door the motto 'Welcome' wreathes, while, o'er the fire-place there,

'God bless our home' in worsted breathes its strong, but silent, prayer.

Secure in the contentment which a quiet conscience yields,
We envy not the proud and rich their broad and sweeping fields;
Nor visions vast of sparkling sheen, of couch and palace dome,
Can ever come, like dreams, between the workman and his home.

We've seen, it's true, hard times and rough, but in the cupboard there

We've still, by thrift, kept bread enough to feed us, and to spare.

I've still my strong and willing hands, come what come may,
and fast,

My little home around me stands, a bulwark to the last;
For hearts—the corner-stones—remain, hope props the roof-tree high,

And the love and faith its walls contain can never, never die!"

As the Lord has prospered them, and made the earth fruitful for their benefit, they have improved upon the "log cabin home," and added adobe to adobe, brick to brick, rock to rock, and granite block to granite block, till many have secured themselves comfortable, costly, and modern-styled homes in the valleys of Ephraim. And the angel of peace continues with the righteous, and their homes are "little heavens below."

One prominent characteristic of the Latter-day Saints is: about ninety per cent of them own their homes. They own the lots or farms upon which their houses stand. This is a great contrast to the condition of many in older nations, who can seldom become owners of real estate. It is also an evidence of what faithfulness in the gospel will do for many, for the Lord will bless them temporally as well as spiritually.

These homes are the creations of their owners—cut of the dust of the earth was part of the material of many of them created. The creators took pleasure in their creations, and they love the work of their hands. They are their castles—their kingdoms—which they expect to sustain and defend. In them are the fruits of their loins. They contain associations which will last while eternal ages roll. Love and peace reign there. The smiles of heaven light up the soul and beam from the eye. And angels love to bend the ear to the song of praise and the prayer of faith heard there, as morn and eve roll round—and this is a glimpse of the homes of the Saints of God.

DANIEL.

BY R. C.

WHEN the iron hand of the Babylonish legions carried the Jews and the Israelitish tribes captives into slavery, Daniel seems to have risen up as a bright meteor to illuminate the horizon of Israel's darkest days.

Of his history there can be no doubt. He was descended from one of the highest of the Hebrew families. He was born in Jerusalem during the days of Jeremiah, and was among the captives whom Nebuchadnezzar carried away from Judea to Babylon.

He was then a youth, about fourteen years of age, and attracted his captors by his personal charms and dignified appearance. Though so young, he was deeply studious and skilled in knowledge, and had no doubt a knowledge of our first parents and the patriarchs, Abraham, Moses, etc. The wisdom of the Almighty was upon him. The Spirit of revelation enlightened his mind, and that by reason of his adherence and devotion to spiritual duties, as well as the observance of the word of wisdom and his obedience to other laws of his great Creator. His countenance shone with heavenly intelligence, and a strength of mind and majesty of person were imparted to him until he could open the secret treasures of the divine mind, and could impart to generations unborn the grandest truths that were ever penned, or taught, or sung.

And here let me digress a moment and ask my young friends whether God is a respecter of persons. Is not the mind of God open to reveal even greater truths to us than those imparted to Daniel? Though Daniel was one to whom the Lord revealed fore-knowledge, the rise and fall of empires and the setting up of a kingdom that shall stand forever, it is left for you, my young brothers and sisters, to lift up triumphantly your heads and wave your peerless hands before the Majesty on high, and with hosannas to God and the Lamb, shout for joy and exclaim, "I am a subject of that kingdom which Daniel saw." But I must further add, you must redeem the time as Daniel did to make you mighty in wisdom, in learning and in attainments of majesty, dominion and power, and become accessible to, and invested with, those powers of the Holy Ghost which inspired him. To this end, you must not waste your hours in idleness, but improve your opportunities. You must study much the best books. I would advise you to put away that kind of reading which inebriates the soul and deadens the moral senses, and makes you puny dwarfs in knowledge instead of

gians in intelligence. On the other hand, by having your minds open to receive the divinely inspired records and teachings of the servants of God, your very beings will ultimately become the embodiment of eternal truth.

I would also say to my young lady friends and sisters, that neither the adornments of fashion nor the glitter of ornaments is to be compared with the wisdom which the queen of Sheba sought, in leaving her distant lands, and found displayed in the wise king, Solomon. It requires self-abnegation and constant application, a devotion to God and His cause, to make you strong in faith and in the principles you have espoused in the waters of baptism.

Daniel prayed regularly three times a day to his God, sometimes openly, and no doubt secretly in the privacy of his chamber. All illustrious men who have made high attainments have done the same. Elijah had fallen to the earth, bowed his head, prayed and sent his servant on various occasions, and could not rest, but pleaded with the Lord incessantly until the rain came, which relieved a nation famishing for food. And our great Exemplar and Redeemer fasted also and was frequently whole nights upon the mountains praying to His Father.

One thing more, strive by chastity, cleanliness, and temperance to make your bodies fit habitations for the Holy Ghost to dwell in; that you may attain to that most excellent physical beauty which characterized Daniel, and adorn your mind with his mental endowments.

But to proceed: Daniel, the better to fit him for the king's service, with the other Hebrew youths (whose names were changed to Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego), was placed under the charge of Melzer,

to see that they were fed with the most costly viands of the king's table. But, as it is written, "Daniel would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat; nor with the wine which he drank." Now, Daniel, being in favor with the prince of the eunuchs, reasoned with him, and persuaded him to give him pulse to eat (a name for such large seeds as peas and beans) and water to drink for ten days, and then if his countenance and those of his friends changed, they would submit to partake of the king's meat. Then the prince of the eunuchs consented, and at the end of the ten days their countenances were fairer and fuller than those of the children who ate of the king's meat. Melzer then took away the king's meat and wine and gave them pulse and water, and, it is said, God gave them knowledge and skill in all wisdom and learning.

At the end of three years, they were brought to stand before the king; and among all none were found like Daniel



and these young men; and the king found them ten times better in all matters and in understanding than all the magicians and astrologers in the realm.

We will now take a glance at Babylon's and Nebuchadnezzar's glory and greatness. Babylon was situated on the Euphrates. Its original name was Babel, of which you have read in the scriptures. Some speak of Semiramis as being its founder. It lay in a fertile plain. It was watered by the Euphrates, which flowed through the city; also by a reservoir one hundred and eighty miles in circumference. Its walls were described as being sixty miles in circumference, three hundred feet high and seventy-five feet wide. A deep trench was parallel with the walls. In each of the four walls were twenty-five brazen gates, from which roads crossed to the opposite gates. On the squares, countless houses and gardens were made, and pillars and buildings of architectural magnificence. Nebuchadnezzar's palace was in an inclosure six miles in circumference. Within this were also the hanging gardens, an immense artificial mound, four hundred feet high and three hundred feet square, supported by arches upon arches, terraced off for trees and flowers. The water for this was drawn from the river by machinery connected with the mound. Other mounds for the same purpose were also erected.

Under Nebuchadnezzar, Babylon reached the acme of her greatness and glory. She was renowned for learning, arts and sciences, for astronomy and the wisdom of past ages. Her manufactories turned out carpets and cloths of the finest texture. Her inhabitants were adorned with glittering jewelry and costly pearls. The odor of her perfumes were wafted to almost every land. Her commerce was carried by the Euphrates between Asia, Arabia and Egypt. She was a city of merchants, and into her bosom flowed the wealth of almost all lands. Through opulence and luxury, corruption and licentiousness were carried to a frightful extent. Bel, Neigal, Merodoch and other idols were worshiped by her people.

This city, however, did not long remain the capital of the world. Under the reign of Belshazzar, Cyrus made his successful assault on a night when the people of the whole city, relying on the strength of the walls, had given themselves up to riot in a great festival, and the king and his nobles were revelling in a grand banquet, and the city was taken.

Nebuchadnezzar in the second year of his reign, "dreamed dreams, wherewith his spirit was troubled and his sleep brake from him." The king being "troubled to know the dream," ordered all the magicians, astrologers, sorcerers and Chaldeans to show him his dream. But their wisdom could not fathom such a mystery. They reasoned and expostulated with him, saying, there is none can show it before the king "except the gods, whose dwelling is not with flesh." This reply had only a tendency to enrage the king, who commanded, and the decree went forth, that all the wise men should be slain. And Daniel and his fellows were sought for to be slain also.

When notice of this bloody decree had come to Daniel, he wondered that the king should be so summary in his actions. He went in haste to the king and besought him that he would give him time and he would declare the interpretation to him. Then Daniel went and made the matter known to his companions, that they might seek unto "the God of heaven concerning this secret." Daniel had confidence in the power and presence of God, and his three companions also prayed in most earnest supplication, and their prayers came unto the ears of the Lord and were answered. The

Lord revealed to Daniel the dream and the interpretation thereof. No doubt the youthful prophet pleaded his suit with the greatest earnestness also, until his unyielding spirit and all-conquering faith unveiled the heavens, and he communed with his Maker face to face.

Then when Daniel appeared before the king, he was asked, "Art thou able to make known to me the dream which I have seen and the interpretation?" Daniel answered that the wise men were not able to declare the secret unto the king. "But," said he, "there is a God in heaven, who revealeth secrets and he hath made known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days."

He then made known to him the dream. "Thou, O king sawest, and behold a great image, * * * stood before thee." The image was great, its brightness excellent, and appearance terrible. Its head was of pure gold, its breast and arms of silver, its belly and its thighs of brass, its legs of iron, its feet partly iron and partly clay. Thou sawest until a stone was cut out without hands, and it smote the image upon its feet. Then fell the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver and the gold, and they became like the chaff of the summer threshing floor, and the wind carried them away, and no place was found for them. And the stone which smote the image, became a great mountain and filled the whole earth.

Said he, "This was the dream, and we will tell thee the interpretation." Thou, O king, art a king of kings, to whom the God of heaven hath given a kingdom, power and strength, and glory. And wherever the sons of men dwell, the beasts of the field and the fowls of heaven hath He given unto thy hands and hath made thee to rule over them all. "Thou art that head of gold." After thee shall arise another kingdom, inferior to thee; and another, a third kingdom of brass which shall rule over all the earth; and the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron, forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things, and it shall break in pieces and bruise; and whereas thou sawest the feet and toes, part of iron and part of potter's clay, the kingdom shall be divided and shall not mix, as iron is not mixed with clay.

And in those days, the God of heaven shall "set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people; but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms and it shall stand forever."

"The great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter and the decree is certain and the interpretation sure."

Then King Nebuchadnezzar fell upon his face and worshiped Daniel, and commanded that they should offer an oblation and sweet odors unto him. The king answered Daniel and said: "Of a truth it is, that your God, is a God of gods, and a Lord of kings, and a revealer of secrets, seeing thou couldest reveal this secret."

Then the king promoted Daniel, and gave him many great gifts and made him ruler over the provinces of Babylon. And Daniel requested of the king, and he appointed Shadraah, Meshach and Abednego over the affairs of the provinces of Babylon. And Daniel was in the gate of the king. Gate in this case probably signifies power or dominion, in the same sense as the Turkish Sultan's palace is called the porte, or gate.

(To be Continued.)

SCANDAL is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

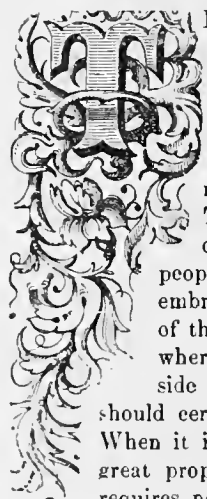
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1882.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



THE Latter-day Saints differ from other professing Christians throughout the world in their religious belief and practice, in their Church organization and in the possession of the gifts and powers of the gospel. In like manner, as time rolls on, will they differ in their literature. They will have a literature distinctively their own. It will be characteristic of the people. There is no reason why it should not embrace the better features of the literature of the world, as the gospel embraces all truth, wherever found. But those features of outside literature which are not commendable, should certainly find no place in that of the Saints. When it is considered that children form such a great proportion of the mass of the people, it requires no prophet to predict that a great part of our future literature will be of a character suitable for children. The wants of the children will demand that it should be. And much of the latter part may be called Sunday school literature. True, none of it should be inappropriate for children to read on Sunday or have for a Sunday school library. Some subjects, however, are more in keeping with the sacredness of the day set apart for the worship of God than others, and these would more properly come under the head of Sunday school literature. A proper conception of the object of Sunday schools will readily lead to an understanding of what should constitute our Sunday school literature. One object of our Sunday schools is to afford children a chance to learn those things which they are not usually taught in common or day schools. Sunday schools should aim at religious and moral, rather than secular or scholastic training.

Literature, then, that will tend towards this object, and which is adapted to the comprehension of children may be properly termed Sunday school literature.

The literature of the world is dependent upon man's wisdom and ingenuity, and savors of man's sophistry, infidelity vain speculations, short-sightedness and general perversity. Much of it is evil in its tendency, weakening the minds, destroying the memory, curtailing the usefulness and blasting the prospects of those who indulge in reading it. So much is this the case, that it has become a serious question with some, whether a person really enhances his happiness and general usefulness by learning to read, if, in doing so, he acquires a taste for reading the pernicious literature that so abounds in the world.

Among the most faulty of the literature of the world is that which purports to be Sunday school literature. It is the weakest and most insipid mental pabulum that one can easily imagine. It is as vague and unsatisfying to the mind as the sectarian idea of a God, that is present everywhere but exists nowhere. It is puerile in its tone and false in its con-

clusions. It is of no use whatever for Latter-day Saint readers. Upon history, philosophy and even upon ethics, the world may write to suit the Latter-day Saints, but upon religion *never*. Upon this subject "we have a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto we do well that we take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place."

From the contemplation of the literature of the world, which has been mentioned, how refreshing it is to turn to the inspired writings of the servants of God in this and other ages: Take, for example, the writings of Joseph Smith. He possessed no advantages of scholastic education, such as the world imagine to be necessary in order to understand and write upon religion. But where will we find greater clearness, simplicity and force combined? Where will we find more lofty ideas, more sublime truths, more lucid reasoning than are contained in his writings. They appeal to the understanding of all who can read. The most advanced principles of science and the grandest religious truths ever enunciated by man are by him rendered intelligible to the illiterate. He learned from a higher school than the world can boast—from the fountain of all true intelligence.

Are there any others in the Church now who have the ability to make the principles of our religion plain to the understanding of the unlearned, as well as the intelligent? Ask the thousands who have been captivated by the truths taught by unlettered boys who have been sent out as missionaries. A religion that in a former age had for its chosen and foremost advocates illiterate fishermen—a religion that has appealed in this age to the understanding alike of the unlettered plowboy and the college scholar, should certainly not be difficult to make intelligible and attractive to children. But *genius* rather than learning is requisite to make it so. No college pretends to teach the art of writing in a manner suited to the capacity of children. Most collegians make a signal failure of it if they attempt it, especially when the subject of religion is the one considered. But the person possessing the genius and the inspiration of the Almighty can render the principles of the gospel, either in writing or speaking perfectly fascinating.

With doctrinal works for adult readers having well developed reasoning powers, our Church is tolerably well supplied, but there is a great need of more books for our children—books that will attract and at the same time instruct them. The multiplying of such works in our midst will do ten times more to counteract the evils of outside literature than all our public denouncing of such evils will. It will do more to form in our children correct tastes and righteous desires than all the public harangues we can utter to them. If we do not wish our children to read the pernicious, trashy stuff that is imported from abroad, let us furnish them something better at home.

At a time when the literature of the common people of Europe consisted of ballads, a practical and patriotic Scotch writer said: "Give me the writing of the ballads, and you make the laws!" Knowing the influence that reading exerts in forming the characters of people in this age of many books, we might with equal propriety exclaim, let us prescribe the kind and quantity of reading to be indulged in, and you may issue the public edicts.

At a very early period in the history of our Church, the importance of writing and printing our own school books was referred to by revelation from the Lord. If it was important in 1831, how much more so now, when the children have increased until those attending the Sunday schools of the Saints num-

ber not less than thirty-five thousand! And yet how little has been done towards supplying the children of the Latter-day Saints with reading matter calculated to inform their minds upon the subject of religion. This was one of the objects for which the Deseret Sunday School Union was organized fifteen years since. But how much talent has it been able to enlist? Two small readers were published a short time since by the Union, and, to the shame of the people it may be said, that nearly all the articles were furnished for them by three persons, although several public calls were made for contributions.

How many thousands there are in our Church who could write up incidents from their lives which would convey to young readers valuable lessons in principle and morals! And, be it known, that is the most effectual way of impressing lessons upon young minds. We cannot do better than pattern after the example of our Savior in this respect. He taught His most impressive lessons by means of parables. No people have had more varied experiences to draw from for subject matter than the Saints have. No community represent so many nationalities, and no people therefore should combine a greater variety of talent. Do we wish to convey a lesson in faith to our children? There is scarcely a man of experience in the Church who could not relate incidents from his experience that would tend to this object. Where can a people be found whose history so abounds with startling and thrilling dramatic scenes, from which to draw subjects for epic writing? The grandest themes that a writer could ask for, are familiar to all as a part of our history.

The future development of the kingdom of God and the best interests of the thousands of little ones growing up in our midst demand that more attention be given to supplying them with proper reading matter. Let those who possess the genius to write interestingly for children apply themselves to the task. Let the energy which has been devoted in the past to finding fault with our young folks for indulging in pernicious reading, and inattention to the doctrinal works of the Church, be exerted in the future towards supplying attractive works of our own which they can understand. If we will do this, we will hasten the time when we may exclaim in truth with the psalmist, "O Lord, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength!"

REVIEW OF AN ACTIVE LIFE.

BY G. G.

(Continued from page 42.)

BEING foot-loose from business and also from parental influence, and having secured a place of retreat for a short time for my wife and seven children in a village a few miles from Leicester, I started, on the 1st of June, 1851, for Manchester and Liverpool. In the latter place I found two respectable business houses from which I obtained goods that had not been generally introduced before, to sell on commission. The selling of these enabled me to earn a few pounds. I then sent for my wife and family, and with the means acquired we laid in a stock of provisions for our passage across the ocean.

In tracing back my past life to the point I have now arrived at, I cannot but admire with humble recognition, the kind and invisible hand of Providence that marked out the course and led me to walk therein, preparatory to receiving and obeying the gospel. Prominent among the occurrences that led to

that culmination, were my apprenticeship to a Baptist Deacon; being led to practice self denial and abstain from all stimulating drinks; and hearing the preaching of Mr. Matthews, which resulted in detaching us from sectarian religion. After that the proposition of my brother Henry to pay £50 to get rid of us out of the country, was no less providential. Myself, wife and seven children, were thus sold to the "Mormons" for that price. But just as sure as Joseph, who was sold to the Egyptians by his brethren, proved the future deliverer and savior of his father's house, so sure will myself and wife stand in the same relationship to our respective families, if we continue faithful to our covenants to the end.

On the 9th of October, which was between eight and nine months after our baptism, we took passage on the ship *Essex*, which was bound for New Orleans.

No Saints were on board but ourselves. Most of the passengers were Roman Catholics, with a priest as their shepherd. There was also a Methodist preacher aboard. One Sunday morning the latter said to me:

"What a pity it is we do not have divine service on board!"

I told him, if the captain was willing, I would be pleased to speak to the passengers and crew.

He was delighted with the idea, and said, "If you will preach this morning, I will in the afternoon."

I agreed, and off he went to the captain and told him he had two ministers on the vessel who were willing to officiate.

The Captain being pleased to learn this fact, immediately gave orders for all hands to be ready on deck at the hour appointed to attend public service.

All on board were present. The morning was beautifully fine, and the sea sufficiently calm to enable me to stand on a chair by holding on to a rope. I spoke perhaps nearly three-fourths of an hour, dwelling on the contrast between the pure principles of the gospel as taught by Christ and His apostles, and the present confused and conflicting notions of modern Christianity, closing by testifying to the restoration of the gospel by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

After the service was over, the priest asked me a question, but the captain at once hushed him up, saying he would not allow me to be interrupted.

The sea breeze made me quite hoarse. On reaching our quarters, the preacher came in and said that what I had preached was not all true. I told him if he could point out one error, I would acknowledge it publicly. He failed to do it, and utterly refused to preach in the afternoon, although he had agreed to do so. So I had to speak a second time, which was very distasteful to the Catholics.

The captain and sailors were very kind to me and my family, but some of the passengers manifested a good deal of ill-feeling towards me, and I was secretly informed of a plot the Catholics had concocted to throw me overboard. I told my informant that America was the country I was bound for, and no place short of that would suit me; I had no fears.

Before parting with my fellow passengers, I felt impressed by the spirit of the Lord, one Sunday, to bear a final testimony. The Catholics gathered around and offered various interruptions. The mate ordered the sailors to bring some buckets of water. They did so and those who sought to interfere with me were told that if they did not disperse quietly they would receive the contents of those buckets. They immediately left, and this closed my public ministrations on that vessel.

During our passage, my wife gave birth to her ninth child which lived about half an hour, and was buried in the ocean,

the only means of burial being for the body to be stitched up in a sheet and slid down a board into the water.

We were nine weeks on the ocean before we reached New Orleans, then, having our baggage transferred to the steamer *Timour*, we passed up the mighty Mississippi until we came in contact with a snag, which tore away one wheel and the provision house, causing the greatest consternation and terror among the passengers, who supposed every moment we were doomed to a watery grave. Finally we were assured that although the vessel was seriously disabled, there was no cause for alarm. We could not move, however, until a boat was secured, which towed us as far as Memphis. There we had to stay for several days while the vessel was repaired. While there also our youngest child died, and we had to leave it in the dead house, as the vessel was ready to start and we were allowed no possible chance to bury it.

We reached St. Louis early on New Year's day, 1852. The captain kindly permitted my family to remain on the vessel until I had secured a place to remove them to.

We had now arrived in America, strangers to everybody, in the middle of a very severe winter and I had a family of eight to provide for. It being Sunday morning, after breakfasting on the vessel, I started off in search of Latter-day Saints, to apprise them of our arrival. I was directed to their place of meeting in Market street, and got acquainted with John Tingey (now Bishop of the 17th Ward, of Salt Lake City) who, after meeting, kindly accompanied me in search of a room to remove my family to. We found one which could be rented at \$4 per month, in advance, and, lacking that amount of means, I gave the landlord a double-barreled shot gun as security, which, by the way, I was never able to redeem.

It was a large room, and very difficult to keep warm, except with a large fire, and that luxury was denied us for want of means. I could only buy one hundred pounds of coal at a time. Our furniture consisted of a bedstead loaned us by a colored neighbor, and our boxes served us for chairs and tables.

Thus settling down in a new country in the middle of winter, with a large family, and without any visible means of supporting them, presented rather a serious question to decide. What course must I take? Having only one or two dollars to commence housekeeping with, something must be done. Not a day nor an hour could be lost, without earning a trifle to subsist upon. I could not beg, and I was too proud to receive charity even from the hands of the kind teachers, who twice offered us money to help us in what they deemed our destitute situation. I thanked them for their kind feeling, but told them to give it to some *poor person*, for, although reduced at one time to the last five cent piece for my wife to go to market with, I had the most unshaken confidence in my Heavenly Father, that, while blessing me with health and strength, he would open up my way to sustain my family, by honest labor, and that I would not have to depend upon the generous charity of others. In this feeling, of *faith in God*, and reliance upon our own determined exertions, my wife was also one with me, and equal to the occasion. We never felt poor while struggling to live, but rich in faith and confidence in God and in His providences.

JOTTINGS BY A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

BY STREBEN.

(Continued from page 34).

THE general aspect of the Isle of Man is bold and mountainous, but it contains also a number of plains of considerable extent. The highest mountain is not over two thousand feet high, but the beautiful verdure-covered hills are, although quite low, still very numerous. The scenery is very picturesque, the air is clear and fresh, and, taken altogether, the island is a very pleasant pleasure-resort for any person who desires recreation. The journey from Liverpool to Douglas occupies in the summer season about five hours, and is a very pleasant ride. The English people seem to realize this fact, because the ships plying between the above mentioned ports are generally well loaded with passengers.

Concerning the early history of this isle, very little is known, or at least the history is so intermixed with fable that it is almost impossible to tell what is true and what is false. There are a great many opinions as to how the name originated, but it is pretty certain that the island is the *Mona of Cæsar*. It has been stated that the name Man was originated by a mysterious personage called Maunanan-Beg-Macy-Leir, who is described as being a necromancer, the first who possessed the enchanted island, and who retained it by enveloping it in a dense fog when he saw ships approaching, and by his art-magic he also made one man standing on a hill appear as if there were a hundred.

The affairs of the place were successively under the direction of Welsh, Norwegian, Scottish and English rulers, and at the present time it belongs to England.

The largest and most important town of the isle, although not the capital, is Douglas, situated on the east shore, on a very nice bay of the same name. Its population is 15,725, and its location is beautiful, being built in a semi-circle around the shore of the bay, and in the form of an amphitheater. Some nice buildings are to be found in the new part of the town. The inhabitants are engaged mostly in fishing, and, in fact, this is the sole occupation of many people in different parts of the isle. The harbor, which is considered one of the best in the Irish sea, is, at low tide, entirely dry, and even when the tide is in, it is difficult and dangerous of access. In the center of the bay is a large rock, called St. Mary's Rock, or Conister, which is entirely covered in full tide. A building called the Tower of Refuge, was built by a baronet on this rock in 1833, as a safe retreat for those who might be shipwrecked on entering the harbor.

After seeing as much of Douglas as we desired to, my companion and I stepped into the rough-riding railroad cars and crossed to the other side of the island, to the town of Peel, which contains some four thousand inhabitants. This place formerly was a town of considerable note, especially when the smuggling trade was at its height, but the inhabitants are now mostly engaged in fishing, there being cod, herring and other fish of the finest quality existing in abundance in the adjoining seas.

The principal attraction in this place is the old renowned castle of Peel, which is built on a rocky islet about one hundred yards westward of the town. It is supposed to have been built in the year 1500, by Thomas, Earl of Derby. The walls, from three to four feet thick, are flanked with towers,

BEWARE of him that is slow to anger; anger, when it is long in coming, is the stronger when it comes, and the longer kept. Abused patience turns to fury.

and inclose about five acres of ground, which is almost filled with the ruins of various buildings. In fact, the whole building is nearly all ruins. This castle was no doubt in ancient times a very formidable place of defense.

Two illustrious persons are said to have been imprisoned in this place at different times, viz., Eleanor, the wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, for witchcraft, in the nineteenth year of the reign of Henry VI. She died after being confined fourteen years. The other person was the great Earl of Warwick, who was banished for a time by Richard II., in 1397, but was afterwards recalled, and his accuser, the Earl of Wiltshire, was beheaded without any formal process.

A tradition connected with this castle, said to have originated in 1670, is as follows:

A large black spaniel, with curly, shaggy hair, used to haunt the place, and he frequented the guard chamber more especially. As soon as the candles were lighted, he would come into the room and lie down before the fire, retiring, however, at daybreak. Although the soldiers did not fear this apparition when to-gether, still they did not care to be left alone with it, believing it to be some evil spirit, awaiting the opportunity to injure them. They, therefore, agreed to always go by twos, when it was time to lock up the castle. One evening a soldier became intoxicated, and, being filled with the spirit of daring, he determined to go alone to lock the doors. His companion tried to dissuade him, but he was determined to go alone, and expressed a desire to have the dog follow him, when he would see if it was dog or devil. He had been gone but a few minutes, when a great noise was heard, but no one dared to see what had occasioned it, till the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him. He had now become sober, and never spoke again, although he lived three days; everyone who came near him endeavored to get him to speak or communicate by signs what had happened to him, but it was of no avail; by the distortion of his limbs and features one might, however, suppose that he died in great agony. The dog was never seen afterwards.

From Peel, we walked to Kirk Michael, near which place we were pleased to find some of our distant relatives still living, who were glad to see us and treated us, very kindly, although they had no desire to hear much concerning the principles of the gospel. One very erroneous idea that these people had was, that when a person joined the Church, he was compelled to give *all* his property into the hands of the president of the Church, and then must commence to earn his living again. We soon gave them to understand that they were mistaken, and we also corrected some other false notions of theirs.

After leaving Kirk Michael, we recrossed the isle and came to Ramsey, the second largest town of the whole island, which is situated on the sea shore and is surrounded by some very picturesque and romantic scenery.

Another day was occupied in going from Ramsey to Douglas, and viewing the scenery and curiosities by the way, the principal one of which is the great Laxey water-wheel, used for pumping water out of the lead mines situated near it. This wheel, said to be the largest in the world, is a fine example of engineering skill. Its diameter is seventy-two feet six inches, its breadth six feet, and it is two hundred horse-power. It is situated in a very prominent position just above the village of Laxey, and is well worth a visit by anyone who goes to the Isle of Man.

When in Douglas, we went out for a sail on the lake, and we also spent a short time in fishing and were quite successful, but, of course, we were fishing with hook and line, while

those who make a business of this, use nets as a general thing.

The following morning, we took our departure for Liverpool, arriving there in the afternoon of the same day, after a rather rough passage on the Irish sea.

My brother having received an appointment to labor in the London Conference, I accompanied him to that city, and there remained with him two days, and viewed some of the many wonders of the world's metropolis, but as I have already given a brief description of London in former articles, I will not continue my observations concerning this city any further.

Leaving my brother in his field of labor, I, in company with another Elder from Utah, went to Paris *via* Dover and Calais, and, as neither of us could speak much French, we were pleased to find a Zion's Elder on our arrival in the French capital who could act as interpreter for us, and, being somewhat acquainted in the city, could lead us to the principal places of interest.

Paris is said to be the "queen city of the civilized world," and, in many directions, I really believe that it is. Since leaving Utah, I have never seen a city that is prettier than this, and no doubt it is also one of the most wicked places in existence.

(To be Continued.)

SUMMARY OF CORRESPONDENCE.

ELDER AUGUST WILCKEN, writing from the City of Mexico, under date of January 2, 1882, to his relatives in this city, says:

"I spent New Year's Day with the brethren in Ozumba. We had a splendid time and enjoyed the spirit of the Lord. I blessed six children, ordained one Elder and baptized three. We partook of the sacrament and had a good meeting. Some twenty-six persons attended, not counting the children.

"My congregation in that place are good singers and musicians. I wish we could have some of our hymns translated into Spanish. They are so much prettier than the Protestant hymns that are in use; but I have not even a hymn book here.

"The new year has begun very good for me; besides the good time we had on the first, I got two more pupils yesterday and have great hopes of having some more very soon.

"We have watermelons, tomatoes, green peas, beans, etc., and even strawberries in the market. The peach and cherry trees are in bloom, and the walnuts and other trees are budding, while others have not lost their leaves at all, like the gum or ash tree and others. Flowers are plentiful, too, and of great variety. I sit and write here by open doors, and scarcely ever have to make use of my overcoat of an evening. If I do put it on, it is more for fashion's sake than anything else, as everybody runs around muffled up.

"During the last month and up to the 6th of this, we have great doings here. Nativity is feasted from the 15th of December to the 6th of January, the day upon which the three kings are supposed to have come from the east to adore and make presents to Christ.

"On the 18th of December, I was invited by Brother Artenga to accompany him to a family feast, called the *paradas*. *Paradas* means taking lodging (occupying a place or home). The feast is half religious, but more for pleasure's sake. The people ask the virgin principally, Christ secondarily, to take lodgings, or, as we say, to abide in their hearts. In one of the rooms, an altar had been fixed up and adorned with cedar and pine boughs, flowers, mosses and figures of saints representing the nativity;

the donkey for the flight into Egypt occupying a prominent place. Before this altar the company assembled with lighted tapers in their hands, kneeling down and singing hymns in praise of the virgin and the *nino* Jesus (child Jesus). After that, the children took up the figures, and, followed by the grown people, formed a procession and walked through every room and yard of the house, having the lighted tapers in their hands and singing hymns of praise. After this procession, we adjourned to the principal room, where an earthen vessel, di-guised as a doll, was hung up from the ceiling. The vessel was filled with candy and nuts. The children, girls first, were blindfolded and a stick put in the hands of each. They were then led up to the doll and made to feel it with the stick, after which they were led back, turned around three times and let go to hit the doll. This game went on till one of the boys, Brother Arteaga's son, hit the doll and consequently broke the earthen vessel that was hid underneath, and the candy and nuts fell on the floor, when a general scramble for the sweets ensued. Refreshments were handed around at intervals, and the whole concluded with dancing, singing and merry-making. It lasted till two a. m.

"This feast is kept up from the 15th of December to the 24th. The worst of the custom is that the owner of the house does not pay any of the expenses, but the person who is invited to preside has to pay all.

"I was invited to preside the next evening and accepted, as I did not know the custom, and only thought it was an invitation to come again. The next evening I was greatly surprised when Brother Arteaga presented me a bill of seven dollars, to pay for candy, refreshments and musiciens. It was very hard, but I paid and voted never to attend another *parada*.

"On Christmas Day, I had an invitation to dinner from a German friend, to whom I am giving lessons in Spanish. We had it in one of the principal restaurants, and it consisted of fresh oysters, turtle soup, fresh fish, etc. A little while ago I also had an invitation to dinner from a gentleman by the name of Bruck-lehurst, who was here to make arrangements with this government to again enter into friendly relations with the British government, as they have been suspended for quite a number of years. I met there our German minister, Baron Von Waecker Gotter, another German, Baron Von Wedell, the son of the American minister, and several Mexican dignitaries. We had a good time and all felt interested to hear from the "Mormons" and Utah. I was invited by all of these gentlemen to call upon them, and have since done so. I know I cannot convince them of the truth of the gospel, but it is good to be on friendly terms with these kind of people anyhow.

"By this, you see that I have some variety in living here, now with high-toned people in the principal cafes and hotels, and next with our poor Mexican brethren."

HELP FOR THE ELDERS.

ELDERS M. F. Cowley and John W. Taylor, former pupils of the 14th Ward Sunday school of this city, are now upon missions, the former in St. Louis, the latter in Kentucky. The teachers and pupils of the school, in December last, sent them, as a token of their remembrance and regard, a sum of money voluntarily donated for the purpose in the school.

Elder Cowley writing to Superintendent Richards acknowledges the receipt of the letter and money as follows:

"Your kind and welcome letter of the 20th inst., came to hand this morning. The order enclosed for the benefit of Brother John W. Taylor and myself, from yourself and the 14th Ward Sunday school, I glibly received, and I tender you the gratitude of my heart for it. I will forward to Brother John as you direct, and I know that he will receive the same with a grateful heart.

"To receive a token of regard from our brethren and sisters with whom we have been associated, produces feelings in the heart that are best understood by those who have been in the same situation. It is not so much that we desire presents of any kind, for while we appreciate the same and receive them as a timely blessing, which this really is, we appreciate much more those kind and considerate feelings which actuate you, my brethren and sisters, and prompt you to feel after the interest of those who are engaged in the same work as yourselves, though in a different department of the work and in another part of the Lord's vineyard.

"If I could speak to the young folks of the Sabbath school, to the young men especially, I would exhort them to improve the passing hours in preparing themselves to take an active part in this great work; for I can assure them there is ample room for missionary labor abroad, and no doubt the same opportunities exist at home.

"I feel, for one, very thankful to my parents, to the officers and teachers of our Sunday school, and to our worthy Bishop and his counselors for the interest they have taken in the young people of the 14th Ward, for I can testify that they were and are instruments in the hands of God, "from whom all blessings flow," in imparting much valuable instruction, and preparing the youth to become useful men in the kingdom of our Heavenly Father. There is nothing which produces such unalloyed joy and happiness as to have the testimony of the Holy Spirit that our labors are acceptable to the Lord and resulting in the salvation of our fellow-man.

"This is the fourth Christmas that I have spent away from the home of the Saints in Utah, but I can assure you I have enjoyed them all; for while it is pleasant to be with our families at home, and with the Saints in their happy assemblies, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are and have been where the Lord wants us, and that is all that we would ask.

"Yesterday we spent a very satisfactory time by holding two meetings, which were moderately well attended, and we enjoyed the Spirit of the Lord in proclaiming the gospel. Brother Albert D. Thurber, a young man who was returning home from a mission to Kentucky and Tennessee, was present in the afternoon meeting, and spoke in a very plain and spirited manner upon the fundamental principles of the gospel, and was listened to with attention by those present.

"After the meeting, Elders Thurber, Parkinson, Howe and myself called at the house of one Mr. Andrew, who had extended an invitation to us to visit him. His daughter and son-in-law, though not members of our Church, desired us to bless their little boy. We did so, according to their request, and felt the Spirit of the Lord in our administration. The little boy was born on my birthday, the 25th of August, and is four months old.

"This circumstance is only one among many which shows that the influence of the holy Priesthood is felt among the honest-in-heart. While many seem to hold back from embracing the fullness of the gospel because of circumstances, it is evident that many recognize the power and influence that attend the servants of the Lord for good."

Elder John W. Taylor responds as follows:

"Please extend to the Sunday school, and accept yourself, my thanks for the very substantial token of remembrance and expressions of kindness sent us, and their remembrance in prayer for us as their fellow associates and as ministers of the gospel of Jesus Christ. In return, I pray that our Heavenly Father will bless the members of the school for their kindness and hear their prayers in their own behalf and in ours, and give us wisdom to use the much appreciated assistance in a judicious manner, that it may assist in forwarding the work of righteousness among the children of men.

"Your letter was very unexpected and brought fresh to my memory many of the pleasant associations of the past, some of which had partly been forgotten, owing to the attention I have considered it my duty to pay to those matters immediately con-

nected with my calling. While I shall always remember with pleasure the associations of Sunday school, I must admit that I am becoming weaned, to some extent, from those fond thoughts of home and friendship that I experienced so keenly for the first few months after leaving the valleys. I found that a minister of the gospel must, of necessity, be informed himself before he can instruct others. I found that the Spirit of truth refused to bring things to the remembrance of those who had not stored any information in the past. I read, too, that we should serve the Lord with all our might, mind, and strength, and I came to the conclusion that the promise of Jesus was a great one when He said: "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light," for if any person on earth needs to be fed with the light and the intelligence of the Holy Spirit, it is an Elder of Israel.

"The harvest is ripe, my dear companions, so prepare yourselves to reap, for the laborers are few. Purify your thoughts, cleanse your hearts, obey the authorities of the holy Priesthood, serve the Lord with all your might, mind and strength, and I will promise you, in the name of Jesus Christ, that you shall have testimony to your hearts' content that we are engaged in the work of God.

"Let us be of one mind, of one desire, of one purpose, centering all to build up the kingdom of God upon the earth; for Joseph, the Prophet, has said: 'Show me a man or a woman who possesses the Spirit of God, and I will show you a man or a woman whose greatest desire is to build up His kingdom upon the earth.' Let this, therefore, be our greatest desire, remembering that 'to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life eternal.'"

OSTENTATIOUS CHARITY.

BY J. A. L.

Dialogue between the Reverend Mr. Dickenson, pastor of a very fashionable Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Clinton, a prosperous wholesale merchant, who is rather skeptical with regard to religion, but who occasionally drops into Mr. Dickenson's church on a Sunday.

MR. CLINTON.—Good morning, Mr. Dickenson. Please be seated. On another mission of charity, I presume!

MR. DICKENSON.—(With a little pomposity of manner) Being a preacher of the gospel, it becomes me to do all I can to send its blessed light to the dark corners of the earth. (The Reverend Mr. Langford, missionary from Utah, enters the office).

MR. D.—Mr. Clinton, allow me to introduce the Reverend Mr. Langford, returned missionary from Utah.

MR. C.—Pleased to make your acquaintance Mr. Langford. Please be seated, gentlemen.

MR. C.—To resume our conversation: Mr. Dickenson, permit me to inquire what may be the special object of your call this morning?

MR. D.—Under the patronage of the American Foreign Missionary Society, we wish to establish a mission among the Kaffirs in South Africa. They are a very dark and benighted people.

MR. C.—My business necessarily gives me very practical views on all matters in which money is involved. A mission so distant, and among a people so little known, appears to me like a very uncertain investment for doing good.

MR. D.—Why, Mr. Clinton, such an enlightened, Christian country as ours should do a great deal to send the gospel among the heathens.

MR. C.—The old proverb that "Charity should begin at home," has great weight with me. The nearer home the investment the more directly it is under our control and the better we can comprehend the results.

MR. D.—Our country is greatly blessed. It is filled with churches and schools, with Bibles and good books of every description.

MR. C.—I think you should have said, in part, filled with these means of enlightenment. Keeping company with these are ignorance, sickness, poverty and squalid misery. Within the shadow of our churches are drinking saloons, gambling hells, and all manner of abominations. The worst heathens are those who have become such in the midst of Christianity.

MR. LANGFORD.—Mr. Clinton, perhaps you would not object to investing something for the purpose of Christianizing Utah? As Mr. Dickenson has informed you, I am a returned missionary from that Territory.

MR. C.—Then I presume you are well acquainted with the people of Utah? What do you think of those "Mormons?"

MR. L.—(With considerable energy) They are a poor, deluded people. Very wicked, indeed, Mr. Clinton!

MR. C.—I presume you wish to be understood that they are in want of the necessaries and comforts of life?

MR. L.—Oh no, sir; on the contrary, they are quite wealthy, so far as this world's goods are concerned; but they are low in their morals, and benighted and dark in their minds.

MR. C.—They must be a very singular people. I have never been able yet to associate in my mind ignorance and a very low state of morals with fine cities and villages, good houses and farms, and their results—comfort and plenty.

MR. L.—They may, indeed, be an anomaly; but I assure you I am quite correct in what I assert.

MR. C.—Then, of course, they have more gaming than meeting houses, more sportsmen than preachers, more grog shops than schools.

MR. L.—No, sir; I do not mean exactly that; but they are polygamists.

MR. C.—That is, they marry women instead of keeping mistresses; they fill their homes, instead of founding hospitals, with children. They utilize our Christian vices by making the passions subserve the interests of the country, by filling it with people. Are they indolent, Mr. Langford?

MR. L.—I do not feel authorized to assert that.

MR. C.—For once I am pleased to see you reasonable. Men with such large families must work and teach them to do so. Come, gentlemen, I fear you are throwing away your efforts on me. Let us exercise our benevolence nearer home. Let us get the beam out of our own eyes before we trouble ourselves about the moral condition of others. I wish you good day, gentlemen (Politely bowing them out).

MR. D.—Good day, Mr. Clinton.

MR. L.—Good day, sir; I regret you have neglected so favorable an opportunity of doing good to our common country.

MR. C.—(After being seated, leans back in his chair in a sort of reverie, and indulges in the following soliloquy:) Oh this maudlin Christianity! This hypocritical piety! That's a capital idea of sending a Christian mission to the Kaffirs. I would show just about equally good sense by sending them a cargo of fine furniture and razors. They would cook their dinner with the furniture and cut their neighbor's throats with the razors. Sanctimonious divines that fleece

the flock to clothe themselves with the wool! (*Turning to his book-keeper*) I say, Mr. Clifford, as you have been hard worked of late, and business is a little dull to-day, perhaps you had better take your wife out for a ride, it will bring the bloom to her cheeks.

MR. CLIFFORD.—Many thanks, Mr. Clinton; I will accept your kind offer (*Takes his hat and is leaving the office*).

MR. C.—I say, Clifford, it might add to the pleasure of you kind-hearted lady to have an object in her ride. Suppose you drive around to that poor widow's in—let me see (*taking up his memorandum book*), I have it. Mrs. Forsythe, 28 C street.

MR. CLIFFORD.—It will afford both me and my wife pleasure to call, Mr. Clinton.

MR. C.—By the way, I think that the woman's present necessities are provided for, as I believe Mrs. Clinton has made a small investment in that direction lately. A pleasant ride to you. (*After Mr. Clifford has left*) I think I will leave awhile and let the air of the office change a little. The sanity of such an interview as I have had this morning is quite overpowering.

Chapter for the Little Ones.

CONVICTS.

Con-victs are men or wom-en who are put in pris-on for kill-ing peo-ple, steal-ing, or com-mit-ting some oth-er crime. There are a great man-y con-victs in the world.

While I was preach-ing the gos-pel in the South-ern States, I went to see some con-victs who were work-ing on a rail-road. They were man-y, and all locked to one long chain, to keep them from get-ting a-way. They had to work hard all day long and live on corn bread, fat meat, and a few dried ap-ples now and then.

If one got sick, he had to lay down on the ground with his chain till the oth-ers quit work at night. If the "boss" did not think he was sick, he was made to work. If he would not work, he was tied to a log and whipped ver-y hard with a large whip. He would get two, three or four hun-dred strokes on the bare back, which would make the blood run out. Then he

would work next time to keep from get-ting pun-ished a-gain.

While there, I saw a ne-gro with his shirt off who had been whipped, and the scars the whip made were near-ly white. This made him look en-ri-ous, for he was striped, white and black.

These con-victs had guards who stood over them with guns, to shoot them if they tried to get a-way. They were al-so guard-ed at night, and they were not al-lowed to turn over in bed, for the guards were told to shoot them if they made a noise.

Near-ly all of these con-victs were boys who nev-er went to Sun-day school or meet-ing. They played with bad chil-dren on the Sab-bath day and learned to chew, smoke, drink, curse, swear and steal. And these things led them to com-mit sin and be-come con-victs.

If they had gone to Sun-day school and meet-ings, and learned good things, and kept com-pa-ny with nice chil-dren, they might have been no-ble, great and hap-py men to-day.

These men, like you and I, will be judged by the Lord ac-cord-ing to their works. What do you think they will say when they meet the Lord? How do you think they will feel? They will feel sor-ry for the course they took, and will re-gret it for a-ges!

O, how I pit-ied them! I could have wept if it would have done any good. I oft-en think of them with sor-row, and I shall re-mem-ber them as long as I live.

B.

ANY one who is much talked of must be much maligned. This seems to be a harsh conclusion; but when you consider how much more given men are to depreciate than to appreciate, you will acknowledge that there is some truth in the say-ing.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN WEST.

BY J. H. W.

ONE of the earliest and most distinguished of American painters, was Benjamin West, a native of Pennsylvania. He was born near Springfield, Chester County, on the 10th of October, 1738. His family were members of the sect called Quakers, and emigrated to America in 1699; his father, however, being left at school in England, did not join his relatives until 1714.

The native tendencies of West were early manifested. It is said that when he was but six years old his mother left him for a few moments to keep the flies from an infant sleeping in the cradle. While he was thus employed, the beauty of the little creature, smiling in its sleep, attracted his attention, and he immediately attempted to delineate its portrait with a pen and ink. His mother soon returned, and was surprised and delighted at the attempt in which she thought she detected a resemblance to the sleeping infant.

Not long after this, he was sent to school, but was permitted to amuse himself, during his hours of leisure, in drawing flowers and animals with a pencil or pen.

He soon desired to represent the color as well as the shape; but here he was at a loss, for the community in which he lived made use of no paints suitable for his purpose.

It is said that the first colors he used were formed from charcoal and chalk, mixed with the juice of berries. His brushes were made from the hair of the cat, fastened in goose quills.

With these materials, when about nine years of age, he drew, on a sheet of paper, the portraits of a neighboring family, in which the delineation of each individual, was sufficiently accurate to be immediately recognized by his father, when the picture was first shown to him. When about twelve years of age he drew a portrait of himself, with his hair hanging loosely about his shoulders.

His stock of colors was soon considerably enlarged by a party of Indians, who visited Springfield in the summer, and, becoming interested by the sketches which the boy showed them, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow paints which they were accustomed to use. A piece of indigo which his mother gave him, furnished him with blue: and with these three simple primary colors, the young artist felt himself rich.

One of the earliest patrons of the young painter was the father of General Wayne, who, at that time, lived at Springfield. Happening to notice one day several heads drawn upon boards with ink, chalk and charcoal, he was so much pleased with them as to ask the privilege of taking them home. Next day he called again and presented young West with six dollars. This circumstance had considerable effect in inducing him, subsequently, to make painting his profession.

Another circumstance which occurred about this period, afforded him inexpressible delight. A merchant of Philadelphia, Mr. Pennington, being on a visit to the family, was so much pleased with the efforts of Benjamin, that he promised him a box of colors and brushes. On his return to the city he not only fulfilled his promise, but added to the stock several pieces of canvas prepared for painting, as well as a number of engravings. The latter were almost invaluable to the young artist, as this was before the age of chromos and photographs, and even common-place wood cuts were rarely to be met with in those days.

Nothing could exceed his delight at this unexpected treasure. He carried the box to a room in the garret, and immediately began to imitate the engravings in colors, and even ventured to form or compose new paintings by using and combining the figures in the various prints.

It was not long before it began to be known that a lad lived in Springfield who gave great promise of excellence as a painter; and before many years he received applications to paint portraits. He afterwards went abroad and in time became one of the most noted painters of the age.

A PROPHECY.

BY B. F. S.

HOW true is the word of prophecy. After the Pioneers, on their way to seek a location for the Saints, had been out some six or seven days from Winter Quarters, we met a company of mountaineers traveling to the Missouri river. One of our company, Brother E——, saw in this a good chance to return. He had not the spirit of the mission, and as he saw plenty of hard fare in prospect he wanted to get honorably released, of course. Being of the mess to which I belonged, and from the same branch, he wanted me to see the President and get him released on account of poor health. I called at President Young's wagon (being camped for the night) and told him what Brother E—— wanted.

"Well," said he, "if he has not got the spirit of this mission we might as well let him go back. But, as Brother Kimball had him called I want you to see him and tell him what I say."

I called at Brother Kimball's wagon and found him at supper in company with Brother Egan. I told him what Brother E—— wanted and what President Young had said.

"Well," said Brother Kimball, "of course we will release him!" Then, after a few moments' meditation he said: "I am sorry; for if he goes on he will live, but if he goes back he will die."

Seeing that I was rather astonished at this remark, he added: "O, I did not mean that he would die temporally by returning; but," said he, with some emphasis, "he will die spiritually."

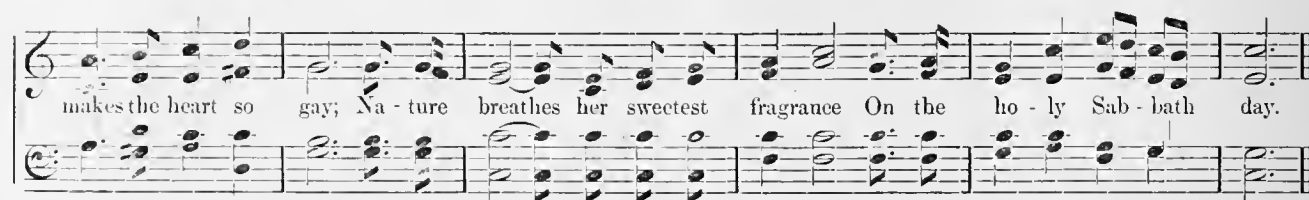
After a few years, Brother E—— came on to the Valleys and settled at Provo. He was appointed bishop's clerk and clerk of the High Council, and in time married a second wife, and was very much prospered in the land with flocks and herds.

I marveled that Brother Kimball's prophecy about his spiritual death had failed; but after a few years Brother E—— concluded he must go to California to get a "fit out," as it used to be called. He took both his wives with him, but the second wife returned, and a few years since I heard from Brother E——, in San Bernardino keeping a saloon and gambling house.

NEVER fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Trust God to weave your little thread into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet. The grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself to a thousand years, and the thousand years shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day.

WHEN THE ROSY LIGHT OF MORNING.

By R. B. BAIRD.



CHORUS.



Then a - way, haste a - way,



For a wise and glorious purpose
Thus we meet each Sabbath day,
Each one striving for salvation
Through the Lord's appointed way.
Earnest toil will be rewarded,
Zealous hearts need not repine;
God will not withhold His blessings
From the eager seeking mind.
Cheerful hearts make duty pleasure,
Willing hands make labor light,
Happiness crowns every effort
In the battle for the right;

And when life's short day is ended,
O, what joys we then will share,
If we here obey His precepts
And prepare to meet Him there!
Let us then press boldly onward,
Prove ourselves as soldiers true;
He will lead us, He will guide us,
Come, there's work for all to do.
Never tiring, never doubting,
Boldly struggling to the end,
In the world, though foes assail us,
God will surely be our friend.